

**TERROR**



NO. 32  
OCT. - NOV.

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# TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



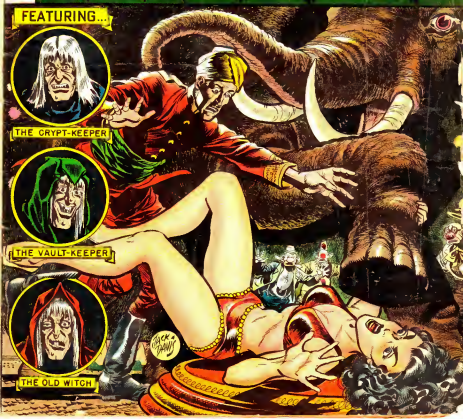
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



**HEE, HEE! E.C.'S SCIENCE-FICTION  
MAGS MUST BE PRETTY FIENDISH  
TO GIVE THESE TWO GHOULS  
A CHARGE! LOOK AT 'EM!**



**E.C. IS  
PROUDEST  
OF ITS TWO  
SCIENCE-FICTION  
MAGAZINES!**



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEHEHE! COME IN, FRIENDS! COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! ONCE AGAIN WE MEET FOR OUR SHIVERY SESSION! YEA, IT'S YOUR HOST IN HORROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, OPENING HIS MAD-MAD WITH A TERRIFYING TALE GUARANTEED TO CURL YOUR HAIR AND CURDLE YOUR BLOOD! SEVERAL ISSUES BACK, I TOLD YOU A TARN ABOUT A BUTCHER WHICH PROVED VERY POPULAR! ONE WHO FAR EVEN SENT ME A CLEAVER, WITH COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR WHAT HE WANTED ME TO DO WITH IT... BUT IT DIDN'T SHAKE ME! SO I DECIDED TO TELL YOU ANOTHER STORY ABOUT A BUTCHER... ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL SCARE YOUR SPINE-RIG! I CALL THIS MEATY LITTLE MORRID MELODRAMA...

AS THE NAUSEOUS CARNIVAL REHARRS ON A PARTICULARLY HOT DAY...

"TAIN'T THE MEAT...  
IT'S THE HUMANITY!"

NO ONE PAID MUCH ATTENTION TO EACH BRISTLE BEFORE WORLD WAR. IF YOU HAD JUST ANOTHER SMALL TOWN BUTCHERY, BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE WAR! SUDDENLY, WITH THE ADVENT OF MEAT RATIONING... RED POINTS... AND CEILING PRICES... EACH BRISTLE BECAME VERY POPULAR...

POWER, ZACK!

NOTHING, MR. BRISTLE! NOTHING, NOTHING, MORNING, MORNING, MORNING, MORNING!

ON LINE EARLY I SEE!



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HEH, HEH! TEP! SUDDENL, OL' ZACH BRITTLE FOUND HIMSELF THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN TOWN! HEH, HEH! WHY NOT? HE WAS THE ONLY BUTCHER! REMEMBER THOSE DAYS, KIDDIEST RATION BOOK? NO MARY RED POINTS FOR EACH POUND OF MEAT? NO MARY RED POINTS ALLOWED EACH PERSON TEN MONTHS! IT WAS PRETTY TUGH... THE SITUATION, THAT IS...



OH, DEAR! I ONLY HAVE FORTY-ONE POINTS LEFT, MR. BRITTLE! CAN I... ONE THEM TO YOU?



I'M ANFULLY SORRY, MRS. VISIBLE! I NEED THOSE POINTS IN ORDER TO BUY THE MEAT MYSELF! I COULDN'T DO THAT!

NO BIRDIN STEAKS, MR. BRITTLE!

SORRY, MR. FUDDY! I JUST SOLD THE LAST ONE TO MR. SUSPENSIVE! I COULDN'T YOU HAVE A FEW FORK SHOOPS?



SORRY, MISS DICK-LEGG! NOTHING BUT SALAM! LEFT! I EXPECT ANOTHER SHIPMENT TOMORROW! BUT YOU'D BETTER BE ON LINE EARLY! FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED, YOU KNOW!

POOR MR. BRITTLE! HE TRIES SO HARD! AND HE'S SO HONEST!

THIS RATIONING CERTAINLY IS HARD ON HIM!



YEP! MEAT RATIONING WAS HARD ON MR. BRITTLE! THAT IS, UNTIL HE DISCOVERED AN INTERESTING FACT...

IF I COULD GET A HIDE STEAK, MR. BRITTLE, I'D... ER... PAY! WE'D... SORT OF... FORGET ABOUT THE CULLING PRICE!

BUT THAT'S DIS-HONEST, MR. VANDERCLIFF! THAT'S BLACK MARKET!



NO TELLING HOW LONG THIS WAR WILL LAST, ZACH! MIGHT AS WELL MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES! THERE ARE A FEW OF US WHO'D BE WILLING TO PAY ENOUGH TO GET WHAT WE WANT!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE... THE POOR PEOPLE, MR. VANDERCLIFF?



SUIT YOURSELF, ZACH! YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, NOW! YOU COULD BE PRETTY WELL OFF IF YOU USED YOUR HEAD! THINK IT OVER!

I... I WILL, SIR! I'LL THINK IT OVER!



ONE THOUSAND? TWO THOUSAND? OH... PARDON ME? I WAS JUST COUNTING MY LOOP FROM THE BLACK MARKET OPERATION I WAS IN DURING THE WAR! WELL, HERE! THERE WAS A SHORTAGE OF CASSETS, Y'KNOW? I DID UP AN IDEA ON HOW TO GAIN IN'TALL. I HAD TO GO WAS CLEAN OFF THE DIRT AND POLISH 'EM UP AGAIN! THEN, HERE! AS FOR MR. GRISTLE... WELL... LET'S LOOK IN ON HIS HOME LIFE!



JUNIOR! EAT YOUR MEAT!

I'M NOT HUNGRY!

SEVENTEEN POINTS!



YOU SAY SOMETHING, ZACH?

HUN? OH? NO! I WAS JUST THINKING, DEAR!



YEP! MR. GRISTLE THOUGHT IT ALL OVER! AND HE MADE UP HIS MIND...

WHY, MR. GRISTLE? THERE ISN'T A DECENT PIECE OF MEAT IN YOUR WHOLE SNOWCASE!

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT. MRS. GRINDY! SHORTAGE, Y'KNOW!



BUT I WAITED ON LINE FOR TWO HOURS! I'M THE FIRST CUSTOMER YOU'VE HAD TODAY!

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT. MRS. GRINDY! I'M SORRY!



BUT AT NIGHT, SHADOWNY FRIGIES WOULD COME TO MR. GRISTLE'S STORE...

HERE'S YOUR STEAK, MR. VANDERCLIFF! TEN POUNDS!

AND HERE'S YOUR THIRTY BUCKS, MR. GRISTLE! OH! I'VE GOT ANOTHER CUSTOMER FOR YOU! HE WANTS STEAKS, TOO!



BUT I CAN'T GET ANYMORE, MR. VANDERCLIFF! I DON'T GET ENOUGH POINTS! AS IT IS, I'M GIVING THE LEFT-OVERS TO THE FOLKS IN TOWN!

YOU COULD FIGURE SOMETHING OUT, MR. GRISTLE! THE FOLKS IN TOWN PAY POINTS FOR THEIR MEAT! WHY THEN ANY MEAT THAT YOU CAN GET WITHOUT RED POINTS?



... AND AT THE THREE-QUARTER MARKER, IT'S FATHEAD, BY A FAT HEAD! AND NOW... AT THE STRIKER... IT'S... IT'S... HOLD IT! FATHEAD JUST STUMBLED! LOOKS LIKE HE BUSTED HIS LEFT TOO BAD! NOW THEY'LL HAVE TO SHOOT HIM! AND HE WAS SUCH A GOOD HORSE, TOO! ER... MR. BRISTLE? YOU LISTENING?

JINGLE? EAT YOUR MEAT!  
I'M NOT HUNGRY! NEXT TIME EXPECT ME TO EAT LIKE A HORSE!  
HORSE MEAT!

YOU SAY SOMETHING, JACK?  
HON? OH? NO? I WAS JUST THINKING, DEAR!



YET! MR. BRISTLE FOUND THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEM! HE BEGAN BUYING HORSEMEAT, AND PASSING IT OFF TO HIS POOR CUSTOMERS AS THE REAL THING... THEREBY GETTING THOSE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS...

WHY YOU HAVE SUCH A NICE SELECTION NOW, MR. BRISTLE!

VERY WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE, MRS. SHERID? SOME STEAK? CHOPS?



AND WITH THE PRECIOUS RED-POINTS, HE'D PURCHASE GOOD MEAT WHICH HE'D SELL AT THE BLACK MARKET.

THESE STEAKS ARE GOING TO COST YOU MORE MONEY, MR. VANDEGLEY! I'M TAKING ~~NO~~ CHARGES NOW! FIVE DOLLARS A POUND FROM HERE ON!

URAH DEARY! NOW, LISTEN! I NEED TWENTY POUNDS NEXT TIME! I'M HAVING A BANQUET! AND MY FRIENDS NEED TEN POUNDS! CAN YOU GET IT FOR US?



SOON, THE HORSEMEAT WASN'T ENOUGH! MR. BRISTLE HAD TO FIND OTHER SOURCES OF SUPPLY.

LOOK, BRISTLE! I'M SUPPOSED TO SELL THIS MEAT TO GOOD! IT'S TOO OLD FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION! BEEN LAYING AROUND THE WAREHOUSE TOO LONG! NOW, FOR A PRICE...

AND NO POINTS?



NO POINTS, BRISTLE!

I'LL TAKE IT! BUT, NOT A WORD, UNDERSTAND? NOT A WORD TO ANYONE!





BRIGHT KID, THIS SARAH? GUIDE WITH NUMBERS! BELLING PRICE \$\$\$! SIX DOLLARS TO HANDS OFF! BLACK MARKET! IT FIGURES! BUT SHE'S A GOOD KID, MRS. BRISTLE! SHE'S REAL MAD...



AFTER JACK'S CUSTOMER LEAVES... YOU'RE SELLING MEAT ON THE BLACK MARKET! YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, SARAH!



AND YOU'RE PASSING OFF HORSE MEAT AND STALE MEAT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS FOR RED-POINTS? WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH, SARAH!



I DON'T WANT THAT KIND OF MONEY! MR. BOSTON WAS TERRIBLY SICK! WAS IT FROM FOUR MEAT?

PROBABLY! WHO CARES? ANYWAY, I WANT THE MONEY! AFTER THE WAR I'M GOING TO RETIRE! I'VE BOOKED AWAY SIX BRAND ALREADY!



YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THIS! IT'S AGAINST THE LAW!

HAVE! ASK OLD SHANK! HE'LL ASK ABOUT HIS SASSY ONE BUSINESS! FIND OUT ABOUT FINGER'S TIME MACKET! EVERYBODY'S DOIN' IT! WHY SHOULDN'T I?



YET MRS. BRISTLE WAS AWFUL MAD... BUT SHE COULDN'T TALK JACK OUT OF IT! HE WAS DETERMINED TO MAKE HIS PILE... NO MATTER HOW DIFFICULT!

...GOT A DEAL FOR YOU, BRISTLE! GOT SOME TASTED MEAT! REAL BAD! NO ONE'LL KNOW IT, THOUGH! GOT A PROCESS THAT COVERS IT UP! THEY WON'T FIND OUT TILL IT'S INSIDE 'EM! THEY'LL FEEL PRETTY BAD!

I NEED SOME POINTS QUICK! GOT A BIG ORDER TO FILL! GRAY! I'LL TAKE IT!



SO JACK BRISTLE BOOSED THE SPOILED MEAT AND SOLD IT TO HIS CUSTOMERS...

MY SISTER-IN-LAW IS HERE FROM OUT OF TOWN! SHE'S AMAZED THAT WE CAN GET ALL THE MEAT WE WANT!

HEN! JUST TRY TO DO MY BESS! MRS. BRISTLE! WHAT'LL IT BE?





HEH, HEH! DON'T TURN OVER THE PAGE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS! YOU'LL GET TO IT! IT'S COMING! THE BEGINNING OF THE END COMES TO START RIGHT NOW! EEL FLOWERS FOR MRS. ASACROMBIE! WHAT KIND? WHY LILIES... OF COURSE! DEAD, I KNOW!

DID YOU HEAR? MRS. ASACROMBIE JUST DIED! POISONED! THEY THINK HER SISTER-IN-LAW DID IT!

POISONED? THEY'RE PERFORMING AN AUTOPSY RIGHT NOW!

I HOPE WE, MRS. GABBER! IF THAT'S ALL YOU WANT, I'D LIKE TO CLOSE UP!



MR. BRISTLE BROKE MRS. GABBER OUT OF THE STORE AND LOCKED IT UP! MR. BRISTLE WAS SCARED! MR. BRISTLE WAS GOING TO HIT THE ROAD... LEAVE TOWN... TAKE IT ON THE LAM...

HOWDY, ZACH! CLOSIN' UP EARLY, AIN'T CHA? SEASID OF THE MARIAG?

MARIAG? WHAT MARIAG?



WHY, THE ONE'S GOIN' AROUND POISONIN' EVERYONE! MRS. ASACROMBIE... AND MR. SHRO... AND MR. SHRO... AND OL' MAN BRUNN! ALL DEAD! WATCH YOURSELF GOIN' HOME, ZACH!

Y-YES! WELL! GOODNIGHT, PETE!



MR. BRISTLE RAN ALL THE WAY HOME! FIRST THING HE DID WHEN HE GOT THERE WAS TAKE HIS BLACK MARKET MONEY FROM ITS HIDING PLACE! ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

PACK YOUR THINGS... SARAH? WE'RE LEAVIN' TOWN!

YOU'RE IN TROUBLE! THEY FOUND OUT! I'LL WARNER YOU NOT TO SELL HORSEMEAT.



IT'S WORSE THAN THAT, SARAH! FOUR PEOPLE ARE DEAD ALREADY! I SOLD THEM TANKED MEAT!

YOU... YOU WHAT?





"BATTER, SARAH! DON'T YOU HEAR? HE KILLED 'IM! HE SOLD 'EM POWDERED MEAT! AN' NOW IT'S GONNA INTO THAT FEMALE BRAIN! AN' THAT'S IT! GET MAG-FREE GOOD AND MAG-FREE...HER...



**YOU'RE A MURDERER!**

"I DID IT FOR US, SARAH! FOR YOU AND ME AND... JUNIOR!"



**JUNIOR!** HE'S EATING AT NEBBIE NORTON'S HOUSE!

**NORTON!** SHE BOUGHT SOME OF IT!



"I... I FEEL SICK NOWMY! I..."

**JUNIOR! BABY!**

**DUDE!**



**LITTLE JUNIOR COLLAPSED ON THE KITCHEN FLOOR. HE'S DEAD, EACH! DEAD! YOU KILLED HIM, TOO... OUR SON... EH... EH... OUR SON**

**SARAH! PUT DOWN THAT KNIFE!**



WHEN THEY UNLOCKED ZACH BRISTLE'S BUTCHER SHOP THE NEXT MORNING, THEY FOUND MRS. BRISTLE STANDING BEHIND THE COUNTER... STARING INTO SPACE! SHE WORE A BLOOD-SMEARED APRON AROUND HER NECK! BEFORE HER... IN THE MEAT SHOWCASE... ZACH BRISTLE HAD BEEN GLUMGLY CARVED AND LAID OUT IN THE VARIOUS TRAYS...

**GOOD LORD!**

**"TASTED MEAT," TASTED MEAT ANYONE?"**

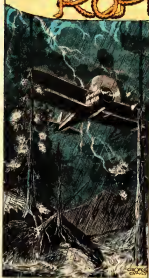


ALL RIGHT, SO YOU AIN'T HUNGRY? YOU CAN WINDOW SHOP, CAN'T YOU? NOT INTERESTED, EH? MAYBE YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN ATTENDING A FORMAL BANQUET GIVEN BY THE SMOULS, ZOMBIES, WEREWOLVES, AND KAM-FIRE'S BLACK-MARKET-BOODIES SYNDICATE IN HONOR OF ZACH BRISTLE? HE WILL BE SERVED! HMM? STILL NOT INTERESTED, EH? HOW ABOUT COMING ON TO THE FAMILY-KEEPER THEM? HE'S NOT INTERESTING, TOO? GOT A BORING STORY FOR YOU? THEN I'LL DO YOU LATER WITH ANOTHER GREEPY-GREPPY-COLLECTOR'S-ITEMS.

# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

WELL, HEN! WELCOME TO THE VAULT OF HORROR, FIENDS! YEP, IT'S YOUR HOST, THE VAULT-KEEPER, SHRIEKING! EVER HEAR OF MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS? SURE YOU HAVE! WELL, I'LL BET YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF MOUNTAIN CRAWLERS... SOUTH AMERICAN VARIETY? MY STORY CONCERNS ONE! I CALL THIS BRISTLING TALE OF TERROR...

## ROPED IN!



THE DOOR TO THE WARMER, FLAM, BUCKLE, AND MORGAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY SWINGS OPEN AND THE STRANGER ENTERS! HE LOOKS AROUND AND THEN STEPS UP TO THE RECEPTION DESK...

YES, SIR? WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WILL YOU TELL MR. DONALD MORGAN TO STEP OUT HERE FOR A MOMENT? MY CREDENTIALS...



THE SECRETARY LOOKS DOWN AT THE STRANGER'S BLISTERING BADGE AND DASHES! SHE SWITCHES ON THE OFFICE INTER-COM AND WHISPERS...

MR. MORRAN! THERE'S A GENTLEMAN OUT HERE... TO SEE YOU!

HAVE HIM WAIT, MISS BALLEWINE! I'M BUSY...

HE... HE'S FROM THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, SIR?

OH? ALL RIGHT! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

DONALD MORRAN COMES OUT OF HIS OFFICE...

YES? WHAT IS IT?

MR. MORRAN, YOU WERE IN COMPLETE CHARGE OF THE CONTRACT FOR THE CITY HOSPITAL, WERE YOU NOT?

I **WAS!** I HANDLED THE ENTIRE CONSTRUCTION JOB MYSELF! WHY?

MR. MORRAN? YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!

WHAT? BUT... BUT THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

THERE'S NO MISTAKE, MR. MORRAN. THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE HOSPITAL COLLAPSED THIS MORNING. AN INVESTIGATION SHOWED THAT THE CONCRETE USED WAS SUB-STANDARD! ALMOST ALL SAID! BETTER COME ALONG QUICKLY!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I ORDERED THAT CONCRETE MYSELF! I SPECIFIED THE MIXTURE! IT WAS A GOOD MIXTURE! NO! LET ME GO! I WON'T...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

MORRAN? WHAT DOES HE WANT?

I WANT HIM FOR HOMICIDE, GENTLEMEN! YOUR PARTNER, HERE, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATHS OF TWENTY-ONE HOSPITAL PATIENTS!

WHAT? MORRAN? IS THIS TRUE?

NO! NO! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE!





AFTER MR. MORGAN MILED FROM THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY OFFICE BY THE DETECTIVE, MR. WAGNER, THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE CONCERN, TURNS TO THE OTHER TWO...



YEP! THAT'S THE PICTURE, KIDDER! ELLIS, BUCKLEY, AND WAGNER HAVE BEEN TAKING THE HIGH GRADE CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL ORDERED BY MORGAN ON EVERY JOB HE'S HANDLED AND SUBSTITUTING CHEAP, INFERIOR GRADE STUFF! THEN THEY'VE BEEN POCKETING THE DIFFERENCE! POOR MORGAN IS RESPONSIBLE! YES, THEY'VE SPUN A NEAT LITTLE WEB OF EVIDENCE AROUND THE INCIDENT FOURTH PARTNER! NOW THE EVIDENCE IS BEING WEIGHED! LISTEN...



GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! HAVE YOU REACHED A VERDICT?

WE HAVE, YOUR HONOR! WE FIND THE DEFENDENT, DONALD MORGAN, GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER!

NO! NO!



YES, DONALD! YES! THE WEB IS TIGHT! IT'S BEEN WOVEN WELL! YOU'RE DONE FOR...

I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU... INNOCENT!

TAKE HIM AWAY!



AT THE OFFICES OF THE WAGNER, ELLIS, AND BUCKLEY CONSTRUCTION COMPANY...

WHY THE SUDDEN MEETING, WAGNER?

IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH MORGAN GENTLEMEN!



DO YOU REMEMBER THAT BOLIVIAN CONTRACT WE DID ON THE POWER PLANT AND DAM? WELL, WE GOT IT!

KNAPT! WHY THAT'S WORTH A FORTUNE! AND THERE'S ONLY THREE OF US TO SPLIT THE PROFITS NOW!



WHEN DO WE LEAVE, WAGNER?

TOMORROW! WE'RE FLYING DOWN... IN THE COMPANY'S PRIVATE PLANE!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, A SMALL FOUR-SEATER TAKES OFF FROM THE AIRPORT JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY... BOUND FOR LA PAZ, CAPITAL OF BOLIVIA...

POOR MORGAN! HE ALWAYS LOVED TO FLY WITH US! TOO BAD HE HAD TO MISS THIS TRIP!

HEH, HEH! YES! TOO BAD!



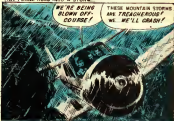
A WEEK LATER, THE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY'S PLANE IS WINNING ITS WAY SOUTH OVER THE ANDES MOUNTAINS...

NORTH OF LAKE TITICACA ON THE PERU-BOLIVIAN BORDER, THE TINY PLANE RUNS INTO A STORM.



WE OUGHT TO REACH LA PAZ BEFORE NIGHT FALL!

LOOK AT THOSE MOUNTAINS DOWN THERE! AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL!



WE'RE BEING BLOWN OFF-COURSE!

THESE MOUNTAIN STORMS ARE TREACHEROUS! WE... WE'LL CRASH!

THE STORM LASHES AT THE AIRPLANE, TORRING IT LIKE A FEATHER.

THE MOUNTAIN-TOP LOOKS UP BEFORE THE PLANE! WARNER STRUGGLES WITH THE CONTROLS.

THE THREE MEN IN THE PLANE STRAIN THEIR EYES, TRYING TO PIERCE THE GATHERING CLOUDS! SUDDENLY, AS A BOLT OF LIGHTNING FLASHES...



IT'S GETTING DARK! I CAN HARDLY SEE!

LOOK-OUT! THAT MOUNTAIN-TOP!



I CAN'T GET ANY ALTITUDE! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY GOING AROUND!



WE'RE FLYING BETWEEN TWO MOUNTAINS! GET UP HIGHER! GET UP HIGHER!

I CAN'T! I CAN'T!

THE SHOCK THROWS THE THREE MEN FORWARD! FOR A MOMENT, THE TINY PLANE VIBRATES CRAZILY.

WARNER PEERS OUT OF THE WINDOW! AS THE LIGHTNING FLASHES ONCE MORE, HE SCREAMS...



WHAT HAPPENED?

WE HIT SOMETHING!

BUT... BUT WE DIDN'T CRASH!



WE'RE STILL BETWEEN THOSE TWO MOUNTAINS! WE'RE JUST HANGING IN MID-AIR!

WHAT? YOU'RE RIGHT!

SOON, THE STORM SUBSIDES! ELLIS TAKES A FLASHLIGHT AND OPENS THE PLANE DOOR...

LOOK! THE PLANE IS CAUGHT ON THESE CABLES!

BE CAREFUL! YOU'LL FALL!



ELLIS CLIMBS FROM THE TINY CRAFT... ONTO THE CABLE-LIKE STRUCTURE...

IT'S SOME SORT OF A NETWORK! I'M GOING TO CLIMB DOWN!

NO, ELLIS! WAIT TILL DAYLIGHT! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW HIGH UP WE ARE!



BUT ELLIS DOES NOT LISTEN! HE STARTS DOWN THE CABLE NETWORK! SOON, ONLY THE GLOW OF HIS FLASHLIGHT CAN BE SEEN.

SUDDENLY THE FLASHLIGHT-SLOW BLANKS OUT, AND THE NIGHT IS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING SQUEAL OF HORROR...

ELLIS! COME BACK! YOU CRAZY FOOL!



ELLIS!

GOOD LORD!

FROM INSIDE THEIR PLANE, WARNER AND BUCKLEY STARE INTO THE DARKNESS...

WHAT... WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO HIM? HE MUST HAVE FALLEN!

NO! HIS SCREAM DIDN'T FASE AWAY! IT WAS CUT SHORT! HE... HE SAW SOMETHING!



AS DAWN BREAKS WHEN THE ANDES, WARNER AND BUCKLEY BEHOLD A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING SIGHT! THEIR TINY PLANE HANGS ENTWINED IN THE STRANGE CABLE-NETWORK, HALFWAY BETWEEN THE SHEER SIDES OF TWO MOUNTAINS AND HIGH OVER THE VALLEY FLOOR...

LOOK! WE CAN CLIMB TO SAFETY! IT REACHES THE MOUNTAIN SIDES.

WAIT, BUCKLEY!



BUCKLEY MOVES OUT OVER THE CABLE NETWORK! WARNER HANGS BACK, A SENSATION OF TERROR COILING DOWN HIS SPINE.

C'MON, WARNER! YOU CAN'T STAY THERE TILL YOU STARVE!

I... I DON'T KNOW! I... I... OH, MY LORD...





THE GIANT Hairy THING DARTS DOWN THE NETWORK FROM BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE! ITS EIGHT HUGE SPINY LEGS CARRY IT AT A BREATHTAKING SPEED! WARNER SCREAMS...

BUCKLY! LOOK OUT! IT'S A GIANT SPIDER!

AAAAAAEEEE!



WARNER SCAMPERS BACK INTO THE TRAPPED PLANE AND SLAMS THE DOOR! FROM A WINDOW HE WATCHES AS THE GIANT CRAWLING THING REACHES BUCKLY.

OH, LORD! IT'S DEVOURING HIM!



BUCKLY'S HYSTERICAL SHRIERS OF PAIN FINALLY SUBSIDE! THE HUGE SPIDER TURNS AND MOVES TOWARD THE PLANE...

NOW...NOW, IT...IT'S COMING TO GET ME!



THE GIANT SPIDER CROUCHES OVER THE TINY PLANE...WAITING FOR ITS TERRIFIED OCCUPANT TO EMERGE! IT WAITS PATIENTLY...HOURS AFTER HOUR...

I...I'M TRAPPED! TRAPPED! IT'S JUST SITTING THERE...WAITING FOR ME...



BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, THE WARDEN AND THE DOCTOR STARE DOWN AT DONALD MORGAN! HE SITS IN THE CORNER OF HIS CELL...MUTTERING...

WHILE HIGH IN THE ANDES, MORGAN'S EX-BUSINESS ASSOCIATE IS SUFFERING THE SAME FATE! HE, TOO, IS OUT OF HIS MIND...

HE'S BEYOND HOPE, WARDEN! A COMPLETE MENTAL BREAKDOWN!

STIR CRAZY!



TH...TH...TH... SPIDER...EH... WAITING...EH... FOR ME...OF...EH...



REN, REN? YEP! SO AFTER WARNER, ELLIS AND BUCKLY TRAPPED MORGAN IN A WEB OF EVIDENCE, THEY WERE TRAPPED IN ONE THEMSELVES...A REAL WEB. THAT IS! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING IF A SPIDER LIKE THAT REALLY EXISTS? WELL, NEXT TIME YOU SEE A LOCAL SPIDER, ASK IT IF IT EVER HEARD OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN MOUNTAIN CRAWLER! IT'LL PROBABLY GOOL UP AND DIE AT THE MERE MENTION OF ITS NAME! 'BYE, NOW!



# E.C. FANS!

**UNDOUBTEDLY THE ZANZIEST  
10¢ WORTH OF IDIOTIC  
NONSENSE YOU COULD EVER  
HOPE TO BUY! TRY IT...  
JUST FOR LAUGHS!**



Ramsley squeezed the trigger and felt the pistol buck violently in his hand. The young native guide in front of him spun around and crashed headlong into the heavy foliage.

"I don't need him any longer," Ramsley muttered as he slipped his gun back into its holster and stepped around the body sprawled beside the crude trail. "Now that he's revealed the hiding place of his people's treasure, I can go the rest of the way myself. As soon as I crack open the tomb where these superstitious savages buried their loot, a fortune in diamonds and rubies is mine!"

3 hours later... 3 grueling hours of incessant hacking through the matted underbrush... Ramsley staggered into a grassy clearing. Before him, rising grey and ominous as the guide had predicted, towered the mountain where the treasure of Molokko Island was hidden. A half-million dollars, intended as a sacrifice to primitive gods, was sealed up in these rocks!

The fatigue of the long trek from the coast... the painful lunging over razor-backed ridges and through evilly-sucking swamps... was forgotten by Ramsley in that moment of ecstasy. Here... somewhere along the base of this craggy mountain... was the secret entrance to a sacrificial chamber which housed a king's ransom!

The sun had begun fading when Ramsley found the cryptic designs carved into the stone. A warning, the



**ANOTHER  
"NEW TREND"  
SURE-FIRE WINNER!**



**ON SALE NOW  
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!**

guide had whispered, that doom awaited anyone who dared invade the sanctity of the mountain! The only one who's perished because of that foul curse, Ramsey sneered, was the guide, himself!

In a few minutes he had jammed a dozen sticks of dynamite into fissures beside the sealed entrance. From a distance, protected by a huge boulder, Ramsey heard the shattering blast and saw tons of rock shower in every direction. When the dust had settled he raced toward the gaping hole now revealed in the mountain's side... even from this distance he could see the glimmer of precious stones within the tomb. It was all his...

A deep rumble made him stop in his tracks. The ground began to tremble wildly... far above, the mountaintop was disintegrating before his eyes! Flames leaped madly toward the clouds... hissing black lava gushed torrentially down upon him...

Before Ramsey, in his terror, could see across the grassy clearing, the searing liquid was upon him. Like fiery tar it bubbled around his legs, searing the tortured skin and tearing it loose in raw shreds. Pain stabbed instantly through his body, from head to toe... he felt stifling heat filling his organized lungs, choking his breath in his throat.

The treasure... a thought flickered through his brain as he felt himself dissolving in that blanketing sea of molten lava... buried in the side of a VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN! Dynamite... activated it...

The scorching lava rolled on, and in its midst Ramsey's body turned molten hot... simmered and split like meat boiled in a blast-furnace...



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## THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

So, now you know! So maybe my two idiot editors won't be commiserating large portions of my column any more to make some ridiculous announcement about E.C.'s latest money grubbing effort! A couple of pages back, you probably saw the cover of the first issue of the most recent addition to the E.C. trash heap! MAD, they call it! You'd be MAD if you BOUGHT it! Of all the maddening things, this new mag is actually FUNNY... eh...! How disgusting can one get? When I reluctantly agreed to be myself up with this massable outfit, and allowed my Tales from the Crypt to be published in the form of comic magazines, I never in my poorest daydreams dreamed that I would be in any way associated with funny-type magazines! Imagine a "comic" being COMIC! (Not C.K.! There's a HORROR story in "MAD"! —ed.) Who sells it? Does V.K. sell it? Does O.W. sell it? DO I TELL IT? WHO TELLS IT? (Harvey Kattman tells it! —ed.) THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! What does that WAR MONGER know about HORROR? Where does POW, K.A. BLAMM, WHOGGH Kattman come off writing horror stories! (Not this! A different C.K.! This is a FUNNY horror story! Why, we nearly died! —ed.) NEARLY, eh? Die the hell! And anyway, who ever heard of a FUNNY HORROR story! (Not C.K.! Your boy, Jack Davis, does it! —ed.) THERE! THAT'S WHAT I MEAN! What does... WHO? (Jack Davis! —ed.) JACK... eh... DAVIS! MY son BOY? (There, there, C.K.! No more! —ed.) How... how could he do this to me! (Simple! He offered me MONEY! —ed.) RUINING HIM... THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE DOING... RUINING HIM! DEAD BODIES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH? PICKLED WEREWOLF KNUCKLES AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH? VAMPIRE GHOUFLASH (HUNGARIAN STYLE) ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH? You have to spell him with MONEY! (You do however your way... we'll do however our way! —ed.) I QUIT! (Now, now! The CONTRACT! Remember? —ed.) Hm-mm! (That's better! Now go on with your column! —ed.) Ah, yes! The column! Well, let's look at some mail!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

I suppose by now you've discovered the mistake you made in Tales from the Crypt No. 30, and have received hundreds of corrective letters. But to one you haven't, you said that the gold miners sailed around the Cape of Good Hope which is in Africa, when you obviously meant Cape Horn in South America.

E. Kewenagh  
N. Bergen, N.J.

In your last story, I found a big mistake. It said, "...water hungry citizens'd taken chopper ships, round the Cape of Good Hope in' boats..." Of course the fact that the Cape of Good Hope is in Africa shouldn't matter much except that they would

have landed in India. Most of them didn't go around Cape Horn anyway! They went to the leftward of Panama, crossed on foot to the other side, and got a boat which was waiting for them.

James Hayden  
Yonkers, N.Y.

In "Ghastly Promises" you wrote that the gold miners went around the Cape of Good Hope. This facility seems possible near and Cape is at the northern tip of Africa. Was this a mistake or a geographical error?

Daniel A.V. Vandrab  
Dubuque, Iowa

All right, already! So I made a mistake! So what's it want? I should know geography! Besides, my idiot editors should have caught the mistake! (So WE should know geography! —ed.) (I know geography! —Harvey Kattman!) WAR MONGER!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

Probably you didn't think your horror stories would strike long residents across the Atlantic in such character. I'd be sure here in England they take the opportunity to say that yours are the best horror, and never want to ever read. Let's hope that your little embassies of horror (your magazines) keep coming to us! (Not their glory) stay over here, if only to keep me entertained!

Alan Corwell  
London, England

Hi-may! We eat in bloody cocken, by Jove, and all that sort of real. It's been badly waving from you, Al, old boy!

Dear Crypt Keeper,

Your stories are the most amazing, the most repulsive, the most disgusting stories I have ever read. When I read your magazine I get sick to my stomach. I'm not alone in this opinion. All my friends think the same thing. Keep up the good work.

Wesley Gilman  
Worcester, Conn.

My friends think so too, Matt!

Dear C.K.,

I would be most pleased if you would send me the set of photographs I've devoted to and it is, and that's the quickest way I know. Enclosed is the postal fee required. Gratefully

Edwin Hammarley  
San Francisco, Cal.

For any of you other grateful readers who are looking for a way out, be advised that first by seven autographed photograph reproductions of V.K., O.W., and myself are still available... and will be for some time! So there's no rush! Mail your quarter or complete few hundred copies of Tales of Terror looking around you. Likewise two hard Subscriptions... full year... six months... six months... (The) is one of the main to you today hard! Send complaints, compliments, personal orders, T. of T. orders, subscription orders, and other orders (make mine on file) 100.

The Crypt Keeper  
Box 106, Dept. 33  
215 Lafayette St.  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

READ OF THE STARK HORROR  
TWO MEN FOUND IN A GAME OF  
**CUTTING  
CARDS!**



THIS STORY IS PROBABLY THE MOST HORRIBLE, BLOOD-CURDLING TALE YOU WILL EVER READ! IT CONCERNS TWO PROFESSIONAL GAMBLERS... SUE FORNEY AND LOU GREIS! GAMBLERS... BIG-TIME GAMBLERS LIKE SUE AND LOU... ARE IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES! GAMBLING IS THEIR LIFE! THE WAGER THE BET... IS THEIR BLOOD! BUT SUE FORNEY AND LOU GREIS HATED EACH OTHER... HATED EACH OTHER LIKE POISON...

THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS TOWN FOR BOTH OF US, LOU!

I'M NOT LEAVING, SUE! SO GOOD-BYE... GET ON YOUR HORSE...



I MEAN THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM IN THIS WHOLE WORLD FOR BOTH OF US, LOU! AND I'M WILLING TO GAMBLE TO SEE WHO LEAVES IT!

YOU'RE PLUFFING, SUE! CARRY! YOU'RE ON! SHALL WE DRAW? HIGH CARD HAND! THE LOSER DIES! THE CHOICE OF METHOD IS HIS!





GUS STARED DOWN AT THE CARDS FANNED OUT BEFORE HIM! THE ODDS WERE SIXTEEN TO ONE AGAINST HIS PICKING ONE OF THE THREE REMAINING AGES! HE SPUN A CARD OVER...



GUS TOOK HIS REVOLVER FROM THE DRAWER AND REMOVED ALL BUT ONE BULLET FROM ITS SIX CHAMBERS...



LOU TOOK THE SIX-SHOT REVOLVER AND TWIRLED THE CHAMBER...



GUS TOOK THE REVOLVER! HE LIFTED THE BARREL TO HIS TEMPLE! THE ODDS WERE FIVE TO ONE...





GUS HANDED THE GUN TO LOU! LOU PLACED THE MUZZLE AGAINST HIS HEAD! ODDS NOW... FOUR TO ONE



GUS TOOK THE GUN! BEADS OF PERSPIRATION BEGAN TO POP OUT ON THE TWO GAMBLERS' FACES! GUS POINTED THE REVOLVER! ODDS... THREE TO ONE...



LOU TOOK THE GUN! THERE WERE THREE SHOTS LEFT NOW! ONE OF THEM HAD THAT BULLET! ODDS... TWO TO ONE...



LOU SMILED IN RELIEF AND MOVED HIS BROW! GUS'S HAND SHOOK A LITTLE AS HE RAISED THE GUN! HE HESITATED! IT WAS EVEN MONEY NOW! HIS FINGER TWITCHED... THEN CLOSED...



GUS GRINNED! LOU STARED AT THE GUN! THE ODDS HAD RUN OUT! THE BULLET WAS LEFT! GUS HANDED THE WEAPON OVER...



LOW LIFTED THE GUN AND STEELER HIMSELF FOR THE DEATH BLOW AS THE BULLET CAME CRASHING INTO HIS BRAIN! HE SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER...



WHAT?  
IT... IT  
DIDN'T GO  
OFF!

A... A DUD? WHY, YOU DIRTY... YOU KNEW IT ALL THE TIME! THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED TO GO FIRST! YOU THOUGHT I'D DRAW!



DON'T BE AN IDIOT, LOW! YOU TWIRLED THE CHAMBER! NOW DID I KNOW IT WOULD COME UP LAST?

YOU CAN'T TALK YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE, GUY! NO MATTER WHEN IT CAME UP, YOU HAD A **SURE THING!**



ARE YOU ACCUSING ME... GUY FORNEY OF CHEATING?

YOU CAN HEAR! LUCKY I'M AN HONEST GAMBLER WHO'S NEVER HAD TO GO OUT! BUT I NEVER WELSH WHEN I LOSE!



OKAY, GUY! IF YOU'RE SUCH A BIG-SHOT GAMBLER... THEN YOU'LL ACCEPT MY CHALLENGE!

YOU BEST NAME IT!



NOBODY CALLS GUY FORNEY A CHEAT! GUY!... I CHALLENGE YOU TO A GAME OF **CHOP-POKER!**

OKAY, YOU DRUM! YOU'RE ON!



TO A FINISH! CALL YOUR DOCTOR! I'LL GET MINE!





THEN, FIELDS, BEGAN THE MOST HORRIBLE CARD GAME IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN GAMBLING! YOU'VE HEARD OF STRIP POKER? WELL... CHOP POKER IS ALMOST LIKE THAT! ONLY INSTEAD OF LOSING AN ARTICLE OF CLOTHING... YOU LOSE A **LIFE!** CHOP POKER HAD BEEN PLAYED BEFORE... IT WAS TOLD... BUT ONLY **ONCE!** AND AT A TIME NEVER... TO A **FINISH!**



THEY SAT AT THE GREEN FELT-COVERED TABLE BENEATH THE GLARING LAMP! THE HEAT CLEAVER SPARKLED BETWEEN THEM! GUS DEALT THE CARDS...



LOU PICKED UP THE CLEAVER AND STOOD OVER GUS...



GUS STRETCHED OUT HIS HAND! HIS PERSONAL DOCTOR MOVED FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT! LOU RAISED THE CLEAVER AND BROUGHT IT DOWN...



IT WAS LIKE A FROTHING BUBBLE! THE DOCTORS WERE THE SECOND! TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE GUS'S SECOND SURGEON WENT! THE BARBARIC WAS BLOTTED RED WHEN THEY BEGAN AGAIN...



LOU DEALT THE CARDS! THEY DISCARDED... THEN...



GUS PICKED UP THE CLEAVER IN HIS GOOD HAND!  
LOU'S SECOND HAND MOVED INTO THE LAMPLIGHT...



WHICH ONE, LOU?

THE... THE  
FOUR... GUS!

AGAIN TIME WAS TAKEN OUT WHILE LOU'S SECOND  
SERVICED HIM! SOON, THE CARDS WERE SHUFFLED  
ONCE MORE...



LET'S GO, GUS!  
YOU DEAL!

OK, IN,  
LOU!

LOU STRETCHED OUT HIS LEFT HAND! GUS TOOK  
CAREFUL AIM...



THUNK!

HEH, HEH! YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S HOW THE GAME WAS  
PLAYED! IT CONTINUED ON LIKE THAT... FAR INTO  
THE NIGHT! AS EACH HAND WAS PLAYED AND WON...



GOOOOOWWWW!

BUT LOU AND GUS NEVER DID  
PLAY CHOP FORTER TO A  
FINISH! OH, YEA! THEY PLAYED  
ALL NIGHT AND INTO THE NEXT  
DAY! BUT THEY HAD TO QUIT  
TOMORROW EVENING! SEEMS THAT  
NEITHER OF THEM COULD  
DEAL THE CARDS!



WHAT? YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME? WELL, LET'S LOOK IN ON THIS  
HOSPITAL ROOM! LOU AND GUS ARE IN THERE... STILL GAMBLING...



GO AHEAD! IT'S  
FOUR MONEY!

SO PASS THE CHEWING GUM!  
I WANT TO JUMP YOU!

THE  
END

# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

PEANUTS, POPCORN... HEH, HEH! YEP, IT'S YOUR FEEDER OF FOUL FABLES... THE OLD WITCH... COOKIN' AGAIN! GOT A CIRCUS RECIPE FOR YOU THIS TIME! ELEPHANT STEAK BARRISHED WITH CRUSHED FAN-BARR! I GOT THE IDEA FROM THE STORY I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU! I CALL THIS BARBLED BRABBLING OF BORE...

## SQUASH... ANYONE?

FOR A MOMENT, THE CROWD UNDER THE BIG TOP WAS DEATHLY SILENT! THEN, FROM THE BARRIBAND, A DRUM BEGAN TO ROLL... ITS SHRILLING STACCATO OF ANTICIPATION GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER! IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, THE HARE ELEPHANT LIFTED A MASSIVE "POWELER" THE BOASTFULLY GLAD WOMAN BEQUEATH ON THE TANGULAR FLOOR! THE ELEPHANT TRAINER MARKED ORDERS! THE RINGMASTER ANNOUNCED...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR THE MOST DEATH-DEFYING FEAT EVER PRESENTED UNDER THE BIG TOP...



THE WOMAN WHISPERED UNDER THE MAMMOTH UPRAISED FOOT OF THE ELEPHANT! THE TRAINER SHOUTED ABOVE THE DRUM-ROLL'S RISING CROSCENDO! THE ELEPHANT THUMPED, CURLING ITS TRUNK...



EIGHT THOUSAND POUNDS... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ONE SLIP... AND IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH! WATCH.

THE GIRL STARED UP AT THE HUGE HOOF! IT WAS DIRECTLY OVER HER FACE! THE TRAINER BARKED AN ORDER! THE SOLIATH LOWERED ITS UPRAISED FORELEGS! THE DRUM-ROLL THICKENED...



THE ELEPHANT HOOF TOUCHED THE WOMAN'S NOSE! A CRYAL CRASHED.



THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL BOWED AGAIN AND AGAIN! THE CROWD CHEERED...



THE ELEPHANT ACT WAS OVER! THE CIRCUS BAND STRUCK UP A HAPPY MARCH, AND THE CLOWNS SWEEP OUT ACROSS THE ARENA! THE TRAINER AND THE GIRL DISAPPEARED THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY...

MAMA WAS GOOD! I HAVE TONIGHT, WILD! HER TRAINED HER FOOT WAS STEADY! WELL, RENÉ! DIDN'T YOU THINK THEY APPALLED MORE THAN USUAL, TO-NIGHT?



THE COUPLE MOVED ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS TO A TRAILER! THE LETTERS PAINTED UPON IT WERE BIG AND IMPRESSIVE! 'WILD WORLD'S GREATEST ELEPHANT TRAINER!'



NOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO RIDE INTO TOWN TONIGHT, WILD?

NOT TONIGHT, RENÉ! I'M TIRED.

THE INSIDE OF THE TRAILER WAS CROWDED AND MESSY! COLORFUL COSTUMES LAY STREWN ABOUT! BOOKS AND MAGAZINES SPRAWLED ON EVERY AVAILABLE SURFACE...



NOT TONIGHT! NOT TONIGHT! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! WELL, I'M NOT STAYING AROUND RIGHT AFTER NIGHT... NOT IN THIS DUMP!

I'M NOT STOPPING YOU FROM GOING INTO TOWN, RENÉ!

THE WOMAN SLIPPED OUT OF HER COUNTY COSTUME AND INTO A STREET-DRESS.

A NEED OF A MARRIAGE  
DIDN'T I WANT AS WELL  
HE MARRIED TO YOUR  
ELEPHANT?

THEN  
DIVORCE  
ME,  
RENÉ!

OH, NO! NOT THAT  
EASY, BIG BOY!  
YOU'RE STUCK  
WITH ME! I'D  
NEVER GIVE  
YOU A DIVORCE  
WITHOUT A FIGHT!  
IT'S COST YOU  
PLENTY...

OH, RENÉ!  
DEAF!  
WE'VE BEEN  
ALL THROUGH  
THIS BEFORE!

RENÉ SLAMMED THE DOOR OF  
THE TRAILER IN ANGER AS SHE  
LEFT FROM BEYOND, IN THE  
SHADOWS, A FIGURE WATCHED HER  
ENTER THE CAR...

AS SOON AS RENÉ'D DRIVEN OFF, THE FIGURE  
MOVED OUT OF THE SHADOWS! IT WAS A WOMAN!  
SHE STARTED TOWARD MILD'S TRAILER.

LEETA! DARLING!

OH, MILD!

THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER FOR A FEW MOMENTS!  
THEN...

DID YOU TELL  
HER ABOUT ME?

NO! IT'S NO USE! SHE'S NEVER  
GIVE ME A DIVORCE! I KNOW!  
WE'LL HAVE TO RUN AWAY!

LEETA LOOKED AT MILD! A FLASH OF EVIL GLISTENED  
IN HER TAMPESTUOUS EYES.

WHAT! WHAT IF THERE  
WERE A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT?  
WHAT IF NAME WERE KILLED?

LEETA!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
SAYING?

EMMA COULD SLIP, MY  
DARLING! DON'T YOU SEE  
HOW EASY IT COULD BE?

NO! EMMA  
WOULD NOT SLIP!  
SHE'S WELL  
TRAINED! SHE  
WOULD NOT PUT  
HER FOOT DOWN  
UNTIL I DISABLED  
HER.



AND IF YOU DID  
SIGNAL HERE?

IT... IT WOULD  
BE MURDER...  
LEETA!



EXACTLY, MY  
DARLING! AND NO  
ONE WOULD EVER  
KNOW! YOU COULD  
ACT SHOCKED...  
BLAME IT ON EMMA...  
CLAIM THAT SHE  
DISOBEYED YOU...

I'D HAVE TO  
HAVE HER  
SHOT!



YOU COULD TRAIN  
ANOTHER, MY DARLING!  
NEW WIFE... NEW  
ELEPHANT... A  
WHOLE NEW LIFE  
FOR YOU...

I... I  
DON'T  
KNOW! I  
JUST  
DON'T  
KNOW...



LEETA'S EYES BURNED! HER FACE DARKENED...

IT'S THAT, ON ME, MILD! I'M NOT  
CUT OUT FOR THIS... THIS SECRET  
MEETING NONSENSE! I WANT  
YOU... ALL THE TIME... OR  
NOT AT ALL!

GIVE ME A  
CHANCE TO THINK  
IT OVER, LEETA!  
PLEASE!



LEETA SMILED! SHE PURSED HER LIPS... RUNNING  
HER HAND THROUGH MILD'S HAIR...

OF COURSE, MY DARLING! TILL  
TOMORROW NIGHT'S PERFORM...  
AND... IF IT DOESN'T HAPPEN  
THEN...

LEETA  
BABY...

THE NEXT EVENING, MILD AND RENE STOOD IN THE  
ENTRANCE WAS TO THE BIG TOP, AWAITING THEIR  
CUE. MUSIC, EMMA TRUMPETED SOFTLY. SHE SEEMED  
TO SENSE THAT SOMETHING WAS WRONG.



THERE, THERE, GIRL! EMMA  
SEEMS NERVOUS TONIGHT,  
MILD?

SHE'S ALL RIGHT...  
C'MON! THERE'S OUR  
CUE!



THE FANFARE SILENCED THE CROWD! THE RING-  
MASTER INTRODUCED THE ACT AS THE SPOT-LIGHT  
SHINED TO THE BOWING PERFORMERS...

AND NOW... MILD, THE GREATEST ELEPHANT  
TRAINER IN THE WORLD... AND HIS WONDER-  
ELEPHANT, EMMA, ASSIGNED BY THAT DEATH-  
DEFYING BEAUTY... RENE...

THE DRUM BEGAN ITS ANXIOUS ROLL ONCE MORE! WILD BARRIED AN ORDER AND EMMA LIFTED HER FOOT! REAR HOT DOWN ON THE RING-FLOOR AND BRISTLED BELOW IT...



THE THUNDER OF THE ROLLING DRUM GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER! EMMA'S HOOF HUNG MENACINGLY ABOVE RENE'S WHITE FACE! WILD BARRIED AN ORDER AND THE HUGE FOOT LOWERED SLOWLY...



FOR A MOMENT, EMMA'S GIANTIC HOOF TOUCHED RENE'S WHITE FACE! THE DRUM ROLL REACHED ITS CRESSENDO...



AS THE CROWD CHARGED, WILD SHOUTED AT EMMA! RENE SCREAMED!



THE SCREAM CAME TOO LATE! EMMA WAS WELL-TRAINED AND RESPONDED IMMEDIATELY! WILD WATCHED IN HORROR AS EIGHT THOUSAND FORMS DESCENDED ON RENE'S FEAR-TWISTED FACE.



EMMA TRAMPETED LOUDLY! SHE VEERED UP... CRUTCHING! FOR A MOMENT, THE STERRED AUDIENCE WAS SHOOKED BY THE VERY SOUND! THEN SOMEONE WHISPERED... PANDEMONIUM BROKE LOOSE! WILD HOLLERED HORROR!



TWO GUARDS RUSHED FORWARD! THEY FIRED AT THE RED-EYED PANDYBORN. SMYTTING THEIR GUNS INTO HER TIGHT HAIR! THE CROWD SCREAMED AND SHOUTED, AS IT MOVED FOR THE EXIT...



EMMA SWAYED AND TOPPLED OVER ON HER SIDE. DEAD! THE CIRCUS BAND BLARED IN DISCORD, ATTEMPTING TO RESTORE ORDER! THE RING-MASTER RUSHED TO WILD AS HE STARED DOWN AT RENE'S CRUSHED REMAINS IN UTTER REVOLUTION...

DON'T...DON'T LOOK AT HER, MILD! IT...IT'S HORRIBLE!

RENE! SOB, RENE!



THEY LED MILD TO THE EXIT-WAY HE WAS SOBING SOFTLY! BUT THAT NIGHT... FAR FROM THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...HE AND LETA LAUGHED TOGETHER...

IT WAS SO SIMPLE, DARLING! SO SIMPLE!

I TOLD YOU, MILD! I TOLD YOU IT WOULD BE!



MILD WAS FREE NOW... FREE OF RENE FOREVER! HE AND LETA MADE PLANS...

WE'LL WAIT A FEW MONTHS...JUST TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD... AND THEN WE'LL BE MARRIED!

AND I'LL BEGIN TRAINING ANOTHER ELEPHANT!



FROM NOW ON, IT'S SMOOTH SAILING FOR US, MILD!

O' MINE, BABY!



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR MILD TO TRAIN A NEW ELEPHANT! TO TAKE EMMA'S PLACE! WITHIN A YEAR THE ACT WAS AGAIN THRILLING AUDIENCES...

...MILD...WITH HIS WONDER-ELEPHANT, BESSIE, ASSISTED BY THAT DEATH-DEFYING BEAUTY...LETA!



THE CIRCUS RETURNED TO THE TOWNS WHERE THE HORRIBLE 'ACCIDENT' HAD HAPPENED ONE YEAR PREVIOUSLY! THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING PERFORMANCE, MILD AND LETA STOOD BESIDE BESSIE, AWAITING THEIR CUE...

I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS WEEK IS OVER AND THEN WE LEAVE THIS BIRD! ABOUT HERE! AND EMMA... DARLING!



THE OLD PANSARE BLARED! THE SPOT-LIGHT DROVE TO THE ENTRANCE-WAY TO PICK THEM UP! A DISTANT TRILL TRUMPETING SOUNDED.

STEADY, BESSIE, BABY!

GASP! THAT WASN'T BESSIE, MILD! I... I...





THE LOW RUMBLING THAT BODED INTO THE NIGHT DID NOT COME FROM THE SAND-STATUE A COLUMN DARTED ACROSS THE ARMS, DISCOMFING.

I SAW THEM... MILD?  
I SAW THEM! WHAT  
OF ITS



IT BURST THROUGH THE EXIT-WAY ACROSS THE TARNARK FLOOR! IT TRUMPETED SHRELLY! THE STENCH FILLED THE BIG-TOPI! ITS ROILING HIDE FELL AWAY IN SLURRY GLOBS AS IT MOVED! HERE AND THERE, WHITERED BONES PROTRUDED THROUGH ITS MASSIVE COVERED FLESH! PERCHED ON THE REMAINS OF ITS HEAD SAT THE DECAYED FIGURE OF A WOMAN, URRING IT ON...

EMMA...AND RENÉ!



IT LUMBERED TOWARD THE HORRIFIED TANNER AND HIS NEW WIFE. THE THING, ITS HEAD POINTING WILDLY.



IT WAS TOO LATE FOR MILD TO MOVE... TOO LATE TO RUN! THE THING WAS UPON HIM... LIFTING HIM IN ITS PAUL-SWELLING, DECOMPOSING TRUNK! LEEA WAS CAUGHT BENEATH ONE OF ITS HUGE ROTTED HOOPS.

EEEEEEEEEE... AAAAAAAA...



MILD WAS FLUNG TO THE FAR-BARR WITH THE FORCE OF A TWENTY-STORY FALL! LEEA WAS CRUSHED FLAT.



THEN, AS THE SCREAMS SUBSIDED AND DEATH CAME TO MILD AND LEEA, THE HUGE THING AND THE HUMAN-THING UPON IT SEEMED TO JUST FALL AWAY INTO A PILE OF PUTRESCENT SLIME.



PEANUTS, POPCORN, PUTRESCENT SLIME! HEY, LADY! BUY YER BRAT A BAG OF PUTRESCENT SLIME! HEY HEY! YEP! THAT'S M'WALE, RIDGES! RENÉ AND EMMA GOT THEIR REVENGE, AND MILD AND LEEA GOT DIEDIES TOO! BY THE WAY I'M SELLING COTTON-GANDY! GOT A WHOLE FRANK-FULL! REEHEE! WHAT ROTTEN-TASTING STUFF! BYE, NOW WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THE VAULT-KEEPER'S MAG. THE MOULDS OF HORROR!



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By Dr. J. H. H. H.

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112 lb.  
a.k.a.  
working  
LOCK  
AT NEW  
YORK

Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was  
of **SKINNY** CHICKEN-CHISEL  
being SPINDLE-ARMED  
MARROW-SUCKERED  
SHORT-WINGED  
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE ?

CHICKEN-HEADED  
SPINDLE-ARMED  
NARROW-SHOULDERED  
SHORT-WINGED  
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE  
JERKY, WALKING

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**MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle**  
**I added 6½ inches to my CHEST**  
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And the rest is proportion —  
**ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS**  
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1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN  
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**Abstract**

